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THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS drew into the summer with an illuminating credit and debit balance. It successfully withstood the ultimatums of the lesser Powers which demanded permanent seats on its Council; and although Brazil and Spain more or less withdrew from the League in consequence its prestige probably made a net gain. The June session of the Council saw two vast League undertakings brought to an honorable conclusion—the financial reconstruction of Hungary and of Austria. It was nearly four years ago that the League, backed by the great banks of the world, floated a $50,000,000 loan for Austria and put that ruined country in charge of a Dutchman as its High Commissioner. Before the money was made available Austria had to agree to a financial dictatorship comparable to Mussolini's. The Parliament was, indeed, allowed to sit, but not to act. Under this stringent regime Austria has pulled through; she has a stabilized currency and a new hope for the future. That the "sanitation" has been accomplished at the cost of much unemployment and some social reform is true, and Austria's fundamental difficulty—that she is today, as a result of the peace treaties and post-war nationalism, a tiny industrial island cut off from her natural markets by high-tariff walls—continues. Hungary's problem was perhaps simpler, for she is a self-supporting agricultural country. Under her American financial dictator, Jeremiah Smith, Jr., of Boston—who amazed the Hungarians by his characteristic action in refusing any compensation or even decoration for his work, a return to old standards of Americanism—Hungary, too, has stabilized her currency and got a fresh start. Still another task well done under the auspices of the League by an American is the settlement of a million Greek refugees from Asia Minor in the homeland, ably directed by Charles P. Howland of New York.

FOR LITTLE NATIONS the League can do much, when their interest coincides with that of the great financial and political powers of the world, and against their threats its defenses stand firm. But when a Great Power defies its principles and the world's peace, it yields with bowed head. In all its mixed history there is hardly a more pusillanimous act than the approval by its Mandates Commission of French misrule in Syria. We cannot too often requote the pious phrase with which the League Covenant introduces the mandate system:

> To peoples not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world [it says] there should be applied the principle that the well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization and that securities for the performance of this trust should be embodied in this Covenant.

The "tutelage" of these peoples is to be "intrusted" to "advanced peoples," and on that theory France holds Syria. That the origin of its claim lies in the secret war-time treaties the League does not recognize. To what extent does it live up to its high words?

IN SYRIA, NOT A BIT. The Syrians have been fighting for their country's independence; and France, in the name of the League's "sacred trust of civilization," has slaughtered men, women, and children by the thousand, using for the purpose hired butchers from Turkey and virtual slaves, colored conscripts from her other colonies, raining death from the air upon defenseless villages, bombarding on short notice residence quarters of the capital, Damascus, and generally acting as European peoples do when their darker-skinned subjects demand self-government. So lawless have the French been that even the Consular Corps was moved to violate its usual diplomatic reserve and to declare:

> Without any warning they [the French] subjected the city to a prolonged and widespread bombardment such as ordinarily only fortified cities must suffer. The Consular Corps . . . dares to express the hope that such a bombardment may be avoided and that should repression become necessary it be in accordance with the methods commonly used in case of disorders in cities, methods calculated to punish the guilty without striking the innocent, especially women and children.

The protest has remained without effect. Recent dispatches report continued bombardments and more *Schrecklichkeit*. And when these stories of murder and rapine came before the League's Permanent Mandates Commission it listened to the French excuses and gave them its blessing. When a Syrian arose to protest, the League's private detectives sat him down again. "Sacred trust of civilization" indeed!

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ONE MIGHT THINK that France had troubles enough at home without squandering millions on these sacred trusts of civilization in the Orient. The franc continues to sink; and Parliament, while it has voted semi-dictatorial powers to the new Briand-Caillaux Government, has not conferred upon these wizards of politics any new magic with which to stop the financial debacle. The advances to the Government by the Bank of France continue; Caillaux seems to plan to use its gold reserves as a dam against the tide; but without more stringent economies and more biting taxes than any politician is likely to dare it seems impossible to arrest the falling franc. Like the old paper mark, it is slipping out of existence; but what kind of Dawes Plan can be established to safeguard a new gold unit? When the governor of the American Federal Reserve System and the governor of the Bank of England spend their vacation in the same French seaside town one suspects that a new form of international financial supergovernment is in gestation; but it will be a harsh blow to proud France if she has to tread the pathway worn by Austria, Hungary, and Germany. The spirit of war days gleamed again when 20,000 cripples paraded her streets to protest against the American debt settlement, but whatever one may think of the Mellon-Bérenger debt settlement it is but a drop in the bucket of France's financial troubles.

MUSSOLINI HAS OUT-BONAPARTED Napoleon so consistently that his name should supplant the Frenchman's in all future histories as the symbol of one-man power. He abolished the anti-Fascist press; then he abolished the eight-hour day; then he limited the Fascist press to six pages an issue, cutting to the bone all foreign, sporting, art, and literary news; then he made his cowering editors print three cheers for his journalistic wisdom. Now he has decided to suspend "indefinitely" all provincial and municipal elections. This last decree is scarcely necessary, but it will save the local Fascisti some bother. Since the beginning of the Fascist castor-oil crusade there have been no genuine elections in Italy. The new measure will simply confirm the dependence of local officials upon the central Fascist authority in Rome.

TO THE PREPARATORY DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE which has just concluded its weighty deliberations at Geneva we are indebted for an enrichment of our vocabulary. Our dictionary tells us that "global" means world-wide, but the naval experts called together by the League of Nations have squeezed it into a narrower bed. To them it means at most nation-wide. Led by the French and Italians, they have decided that comparisons of navies for disarmament purposes shall be by their "global," or total, tonnage. To this the United States and Great Britain objected, thanks to those researches in metals lighter than steel which Mr. Bent describes elsewhere in this issue; they would have preferred to compare tonnage by classes of ships, and they prevailed on the Argentinian and Chilean delegates to join them in this minority report. Japan, although she voted with the majority, announces gravely that she has no objection to comparison by classes; for Japan, joyful at the deadweight-tonnage joker in the Washington Treaty, has also made her experiments with light metals. Obviously France and Italy, who expect to fight their next war from the air and undersea, wish to put most of their naval tonnage into submarines, and for that reason insisted on the "global" clause. Washington assures us cheerfully that it doesn't much matter, because this is but a preliminary conference, so that its reports are not binding. But now that we know that none of the principal naval Powers is observing the spirit—or the ostensible spirit—of the Washington Treaty, none of us can hope for much from Geneva.

WU PEI-FU and Chang Tso-lin, the two great warlords of China who were so long enemies, have ridden in triumph through Peking streets carpeted with golden sands; they have shaken hands and sworn eternal brotherhood. But they have not been able to agree on any division of the spoils. Dr. W. W. Yen, Wu Pei-fu's man, served a month as Premier without a Cabinet (the gentlemen he named prudently remained in distant cities) and then resigned; the cables have not reported his successor. Meanwhile the National Army which in March abandoned Peking to Wu or Chang—whichever could get there first—has reformed itself behind the Nankow Pass and is spreading down into what was once known as the model province of Shansi. Shansi's "model governor," Yen Shi-shan, is the only tuchun in China who has held office since the Revolution of 1911, but he acquired military ambitions last year and turned his mint into an armory; now China's last peaceful province is sinking into the quagmire of militarism. The most hopeful spot in China is still the radical province of Kwangtung (Canton) in the South, and the Nationalist Party which centers about it. Canton is having its usual share of excitement. General Chiang Kai-shek has driven out some of his too obstreperous Russian advisers; the strike pickets violently closed the old and excellent Canton Hospital; there has been fighting to the north, in Hunan; and there have been occasional shooting affairs with the British launches that smuggle passengers to the boycotted British boats. But Canton has a government, and a passionate nationalist spirit that radiates over all China.

THE STATE OF LOUISIANA has never been known as the abode of sanctimonious reform. It has allowed its citizens to think and largely to behave about as they pleased, and has upheld a policy of private ownership and control of morals and beliefs. But no State is safe, it appears, when rural virtue and piety organize for an attack. Two bills were introduced in the last legislature. One made it a misdemeanor to teach "the theory of evolution or any theory pretending to trace the descent of man from a higher or lower order of life." The second bill was more sweeping; it prohibited the teaching of "any theory or doctrine subversive to the creed or belief of any pupil." The press opposed the bills, the president of the State University spoke against them, people treated them as a joke. They were finally defeated, but they were no joke. The Bible Crusaders and other fundamentalist reformers came down from the northern hills and established an active lobby; their adherents in both House and Senate did not hesitate to threaten the defeat of salary bills affecting politicians great and small if their anti-evolution bills were rejected. Both bills were passed by the House. Both bills were rejected, each by exactly two votes, in the Senate. The Bible Crusaders and their representatives have presumably retired to the hills defeated but not, we fear, disheartened, and Louisiana's freedom is safe—until the next session of the legislature.

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CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS, was recently the scene of a battle of words, eggs, vegetables, and ideals in which a number of town hooligans undertook to break up a conference of the Fellowship of Youth for Peace. The students who were attacked on their way home, instead of resisting the attack, fraternized with their enemies, explained their ideals, and within twenty-four hours pacifists and hundred-percenters were dancing together. So the Fellowship of Youth for Peace gave an effective demonstration of its principles. In spite of a hostile mass meeting which denounced the F. Y. P. the American Legion repudiated the violence of the hooligans, and even the Boston papers were not altogether cordial to the jingoes who used the name of the Massachusetts Public Interest League to attack the speakers. The hero of the fracas was the Rev. Smith Dexter, Episcopal clergyman, who opened his church to the conference after the Unitarian church had refused. His courageous stand was worthy of the traditions of old Concord.

THE SUPER-PATRIOTS are particularly unfortunate in the kind of men who represent them before the public. One of the speakers who attacked the Fellowship of Youth for Peace at Concord was Fred Marvin of the New York *Commercial*. Mr. Marvin has an infinite capacity for becoming alarmed. His chief claim to distinction is that he traced the attack on Harry Daugherty to Moscow. His Concord speech led even the reporter of the conservative Boston *Herald* to comment:

> He aroused some surprise when he declared that the Fellowship was a lineal descendant of the secret order called the Illuminati which was founded in Austria 150 years ago for the purpose of overthrowing all government and religion. . . . The six tenets of the Illuminati included the destruction of all government, of all inheritance laws, of religion and the home. . . .
>
> Although Mr. Marvin was repeatedly warned by Judge Keyes [the chairman] that his allotted time had expired, he proceeded with an attack on the *New Masses*, a radical publication, from which he read a questionable joke. He concluded with a eulogy of his mother.

WE HAIL THE BATHING SUIT as the summer costume of the future. It never bags at the knees and rarely shines on the seat. It is reasonably cheap, can be rolled in a small bundle, and is easily washed. It reveals feminine softness and manly muscle. It puts the daughter of a subway motorman on the same sartorial plane as the daughter of a Pennsylvania politician. We know that Bernard Shaw dressed his Utopian ancients in "Back to Methuselah" in amorphous, sack-like things, but he was wrong. The human form was never made to be hidden or boiled. We are not sure that it was made for clothes at all—in the summer-time. Certainly it was not made for the furnace-model sack-suits affected by our conventional males.

# Why Not a Peace Department?

OUR federal, State, and city governments spend many million dollars every year to prevent fire, crime, and disease. Everybody accepts this preventive policy as sound common sense. Now comes Kirby Page, effective peace pamphleteer, with the question: Why not apply this notion of governmental prevention to war? Why should government be captured by the militarists? Why not a Peace Department alongside the War Department?

Propaganda has become one of the chief functions of our government departments. Mellon preaches against large taxes; Kellogg preaches on the dangers of Soviet recognition; Hoover preaches on standardization; all the generals preach on preparedness; the White House spokesman preaches on "economy." This national homiletical chorus is nearly always special pleading of the rankest sort. It shouts investing-class economic creeds and old-party nostrums. Done in the name of community welfare, it is no more entitled to the public frank than, let us say, the preaching of Aimee Semple McPherson. If we must continue to pay for the preaching of generals to make us more military we might as well pay some one to make us more pacific. Why not have a Peace Department to preach peace at us?

Mr. Page has put down in businesslike figures a plan for spending $100,000,000 a year (less than the annual pay roll alone of another army or navy) for a national Peace Department. His results are rather astonishing. For one-third of the cost of the battleship Colorado we could have a Federal Department of Peace with a cabinet secretary, assistants, clerks, and stenographers; ten regional secretaries at $6,000 salaries; forty foreign offices with five foreign secretaries each and liberal allowances for running expenses. For thirteen million more there would be peace publications galore, an *International Peace Review* with a circulation of a million, twelve million peace pamphlets, five million dollars' worth of posters, twenty peace films a year, and peace libraries distributing a million books a year. Add five million for an International University; then forty million for 10,000 American students abroad and 10,000 foreign students coming to America at $2,000 a year each. Take a million for an annual Peace Day, a few millions more for exchange professors and "Citizens' International Friendship Camps," and there are still five of the hundred millions left for disaster relief funds and international health service.

Every item of this Peace Department program offers a peace counterpart to some military institution which is considered necessary. An International University is to stand over against West Point and Annapolis; world friendship cruises would be designed to offset the flourishing of our navy in the Pacific; peace monuments would compete with our war-memorial atrocities. Our military leaders have been acting on the assumption that if they talk military ideas long enough and lustily enough the new generation will succumb to the volume and repetition. They are quite right; so is Mr. Page. Official propaganda may be the best thing with which to kill official propaganda.

When Mr. Page's Peace Department is established we would like to be assigned the task of spending the five million a year on posters. We recall those posters in front of our federal buildings which picture trim young gentlemen writing letters under palm trees, the caption being, "Where Will You Spend the Winter? Join the Marines and See the World." Our posters would be more realistic. We would have pictures of marines cleaning up a native village in Haiti with rifle fire or breaking a strike of Chinese students in Shanghai, and perhaps a marine peeling potatoes. Underneath there would be statistics of the proportion of marines who never reenlist. Then if some unemployed youngster joined the marines he would know what he was getting into.

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# What the Senate Says to Pennsylvania

$2,793,587.02 is the latest total announced for the expenditures in the Republican primary election in Pennsylvania. Governor Pinchot and his friends spent $188,866.23; Mr. Vare and his friends $800,114.60; and the Pepper-Mellon gang spent $1,804,983.25.

Is the country satisfied to let its elections thus become an auction game for millionaires? Are the people of Pennsylvania hopelessly "corrupt and contented"? Do the members of the United States Senate feel any responsibility to speak out against this degradation of their body? *The Nation*, following its publication last week of Senator Norris's appeal to his fellow-Republicans in Pennsylvania to cleanse their party by this year voting Democratic, telegraphed every Republican in the United States Senate, stating Senator Norris's position and asking their views. The answers are illuminating.

One bit of history. Six years ago Truman H. Newberry defeated Henry Ford for the Republican nomination for United States Senator from Michigan. It was charged and proved that what was then regarded as the colossal sum of $195,000 had been spent in Senator Newberry's behalf in the primary. Senator Newberry and his associates were accordingly indicted under the federal Corrupt Practices Act, and convicted. The Supreme Court, however, held that Congress had no power to legislate regarding the primaries, which are the affair of the States, and that the act was therefore unconstitutional. On that technical basis Senator Newberry escaped jail. The question came to the Senate: Should it, being, according to the Constitution, "the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members," admit Senator Newberry? The result was long in doubt. Senator Newberry was finally admitted by a vote of 46 to 41, upon a compromise resolution, devised by Senator Willis of Ohio, which concluded:

> Whether the amount expended in this primary was $195,000 as was fully reported and openly acknowledged, or whether there was some few thousand dollars in excess, the amount expended was in either case too large, much larger than ought to have been expended. The expenditure of such excessive sums in behalf of a candidate, either with or without his knowledge and consent, being contrary to sound public policy, harmful to the honor and dignity of the Senate, and dangerous to the perpetuity of a free government, such excessive expenditures are hereby severely condemned and disapproved.

The only Republicans to vote against that resolution voted to unseat Newberry. They were Senators Borah, Capper, Wesley Jones, Kenyon, Ladd, La Follette, Norbeck, Norris, and Sutherland, and of that honorable list not one has since been defeated at the polls. Two have been raised to federal judgeships; two have died; the other five still sit. Of the forty-six who voted to seat Newberry seven have died, eight have been defeated in primary elections, and nine at the regular November elections. There is ground for renewed faith in the American people in those facts.

And now we come back to 1926 and Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania has twice as many voters as Michigan, but nearly fifteen times as much gold was poured out to buy the nomination there as led the Senate in 1922 to condemn the Michigan outlays. In all the sordid history of political corruption there is nothing to compare with Pennsylvania's colossal expenditures. It is nonsense to contend with Senator Reed and Mr. Mellon that this money was spent in honest propaganda; we have had honest propaganda in other States. Postage has not gone up; the cost of printing has not materially changed; but the Republican leaders of Pennsylvania spent millions where two hundred thousand had seemed high.

As Senator Norris points out, there is no time to be wasted. Senator Vare may, if elected, be unseated by the Senate—although the record in the Newberry case is not encouraging; but if he is unseated it is probable that the Mellon henchman who was Pepper's running-mate in the primary will be the Governor to name Vare's successor. And what does the cause of honest government gain if Vare is replaced by a tool of the men who spent $1,804,983.25? If a United States Senator cares about honest government in Pennsylvania and the nation, the time to speak his mind is now.

Robert M. La Follette, Jr., in his reply to *The Nation's* poll of Senators, spoke clearly:

> The disclosures of tremendous sums of money used in the Pennsylvania primary in an effort to debauch the electorate have staggered the country. Unless the citizens of Pennsylvania take drastic action the corruption in that State will destroy representative government within that commonwealth. Every citizen in that State who holds dear the fundamental theories upon which our government was founded has an opportunity to register his protest against existing political corruption in Pennsylvania by voting for William B. Wilson, Democratic nominee for the United States Senate.

Not another Republican Senator could be found to set principle so clearly above party. Senators Frazier and Nye of North Dakota had left Washington, and telegrams sent to them in the West were returned undelivered. Twenty-one others could not be found in the closing days of the session. Senators Greene and McKinley were reported ill. Senators Borah, Butler, Ernst, Gillette, Hiram Johnson, and David Reed were interviewed, but declined to make any comment for publication. (Senator Reed may have been appalled by the criticism of his earlier defense of the primary expenditures.) Senator McNary said he had been too busy with farm relief to consider the matter, and Senator Cameron solemnly asserted that he had "had no time to give the subject thought." It was Senator Cameron who filibustered to death, in the last hours of the Senate, the La Follette and Neely resolutions limiting campaign expenditures! Following that successful action to stave off discussion of Pennsylvania corruption, it may be added, Senators Butler, Fess, Wadsworth, and Watson stepped forward and publicly congratulated the Arizonan. Senators Goff, Willis, Harreld, Fess, and Couzens felt that it would be "unethical" for them to comment upon the matter at this time—some of them because the Senate might later be called upon to act as judge. Senator Willis's remarks demand quotation:

> I myself am a candidate for reelection to the Senate this year. I think, therefore, that it would be indelicate and improper for me to discuss candidates and conditions in other States with which I am not particularly acquainted.

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This from the author of the resolution that so eclectically seated and condemned Newberry!

Five of the Republicans dared, in more or less precise terms, to condemn Vare without indorsing Wilson. Senator Howell of Nebraska said that "The situation presented to the voters of Pennsylvania demands their attention and they should act in no unmistakable manner." Senator Cummins, just defeated by Mr. Brookhart in Iowa, cryptically remarked: "I am a Republican but I have not always voted for Republicans." Senator Norbeck first thought he had nothing to say for publication, then added: "You know, I voted against Newberry." His fellow-Senator from South Dakota, W. H. McMaster, said:

> There are no grounds for the assumption that the Democrats will spend money less lavishly in the coming election in Pennsylvania than the Vare combination. The election of an independent candidate would have a wholesome influence in Pennsylvania politics.

Arthur Capper of Kansas also suggested a new candidate:

> In view of the disclosures in connection with the recent Senatorial primary in Pennsylvania [he said] it seems to me that the Republicans of the State owe it to the party and to the State to present a new candidate for the United States Senate, who shall be nominated in such a manner as to represent the honest sentiments of the rank and file of the party and to leave no possibility of interest-control or corruption in his selection.

A few of the standpat Senators were as frank. Senator Moses of New Hampshire ducked the issue with the remark "Why should I tell the voters of Pennsylvania what to do? I have troubles enough in my own State," but Senator Smoot of Utah said flatly "If I were a voter in Pennsylvania I would not vote for Wilson." Senator Wadsworth's secretary predicted that he would say "A Republican is a Republican; to the devil with the Democrats," but the New York Senator, informed by telegraph of this prediction, replied "The people of Pennsylvania are competent to manage their own affairs without advice from me"; Senator Keyes of New Hampshire sang the same song. Senator Shortridge of California asked "Are the Democrats any better?" and added boldly "No corruption has been proved against the Republicans." Senator Edge (New Jersey) said:

> The Republicans of Pennsylvania have nominated Congressman Vare for United States Senator and should and will elect him. While I am in favor of consistently limiting primary as well as election expenses the utter ridiculousness of permitting Nevada $10,000 with a population of 77,000, and Pennsylvania, with a population of 9,000,000, $25,000, as proposed, is inconsistent and discriminatory.

Senator Pepper himself in a letter too long to quote expressed his hope that the expressions of opinion, "even when emanating from Senators who know little or nothing about the State [Pennsylvania], will be considered with respect by our electorate," but he doubted if they would "prove helpful." Unlike the Senators who avoided the issue because it might be "unethical" for them now to express an opinion on a question upon which they might later have to vote, Senator Pepper suggested that since he would "not be a member of the Senate when and if [the seating of Mr. Vare] comes up for consideration," he ought not to be included in our poll!

Senator Curtis, the Republican floor leader, when asked if he would advise Pennsylvania Republicans to vote for a Democrat, replied with emphasis "That is a foolish question"; and "Jim" Watson of Indiana said, characteristically, "I don't advise folks to vote for Democrats. I never have yet, and I shan't begin to now."

And that is how the Republican Senators, faced with million-dollar primary expenditures, stand.

# An Invitation to Revolution

THE British coal-owners seem determined to have their pound of flesh. They are seeking to defeat the miners on all three issues of the miners' strike—to reduce wages, to lengthen hours, and not to reorganize the industry. Since the end of the general strike it has been evident that the miners must lose on at least one of these issues. But which loss will they accept with the least disturbance? Baldwin decided that the eight-hour day was the least bitter pill he could ask the miners to swallow. Amid scenes of wild disorder a bill was passed by the Commons and Lords allowing the mine-owners to lengthen the working day from seven to eight hours. Most of the owners posted notices inviting the miners back to work at the old scale of wages for the lengthened day. But the workers did not come; for laws do not dig coal.

The miners are being denounced as stubborn for refusing to yield temporarily in order to save a bankrupt industry, but if they yield on hours there is no guaranty against defeat on wages and reorganization also. The mine-owners may cut wages after a return to work and they can doubtless stave off any reorganization of the industry for many years. The miners have just one weapon, the strike, and when they lay that weapon down the most stubborn and stupid employers in Great Britain may take advantage of their disarmament.

The tragedy of the situation is that the strike is taking the life-blood of an already anemic industry; the miners are doomed to defeat no matter what the official settlement may be. Their one hope is that they can compel sufficient reorganization of the industry to recoup their temporary losses. The hope of such gains from new efficiency is slight. The Baldwin Government has proposed a bill for the amalgamation of some collieries, but it is far from the nationalization which the coal industry needs.

What shall a minority group do when it is suffering from almost intolerable conditions and the rest of society refuses to heed its logical demand for change? The answer made by the Trades Union Council in the general strike was: Make it so uncomfortable for the rest of society that they will be forced to listen to the minority's case. But what if society still refuses to give due weight to the miners' case after several coal commissions have reported and after a general strike as well? The British Labor moderates reply: Elect a Labor Parliament. But a certain impatience with the slowness of democratic machinery is spreading rapidly; Labor does not want revolution, but it may be goaded into a revolutionary position by the stupidity of the opposition. It is difficult to see how the moderate leaders of British labor can prevent a sharp swing to the Left. There was something portentous in the scene in the House of Lords when the Labor members from the Commons shouted "murderers" at those very well-fed gentlemen who had never tried to support a family on $10 a week.

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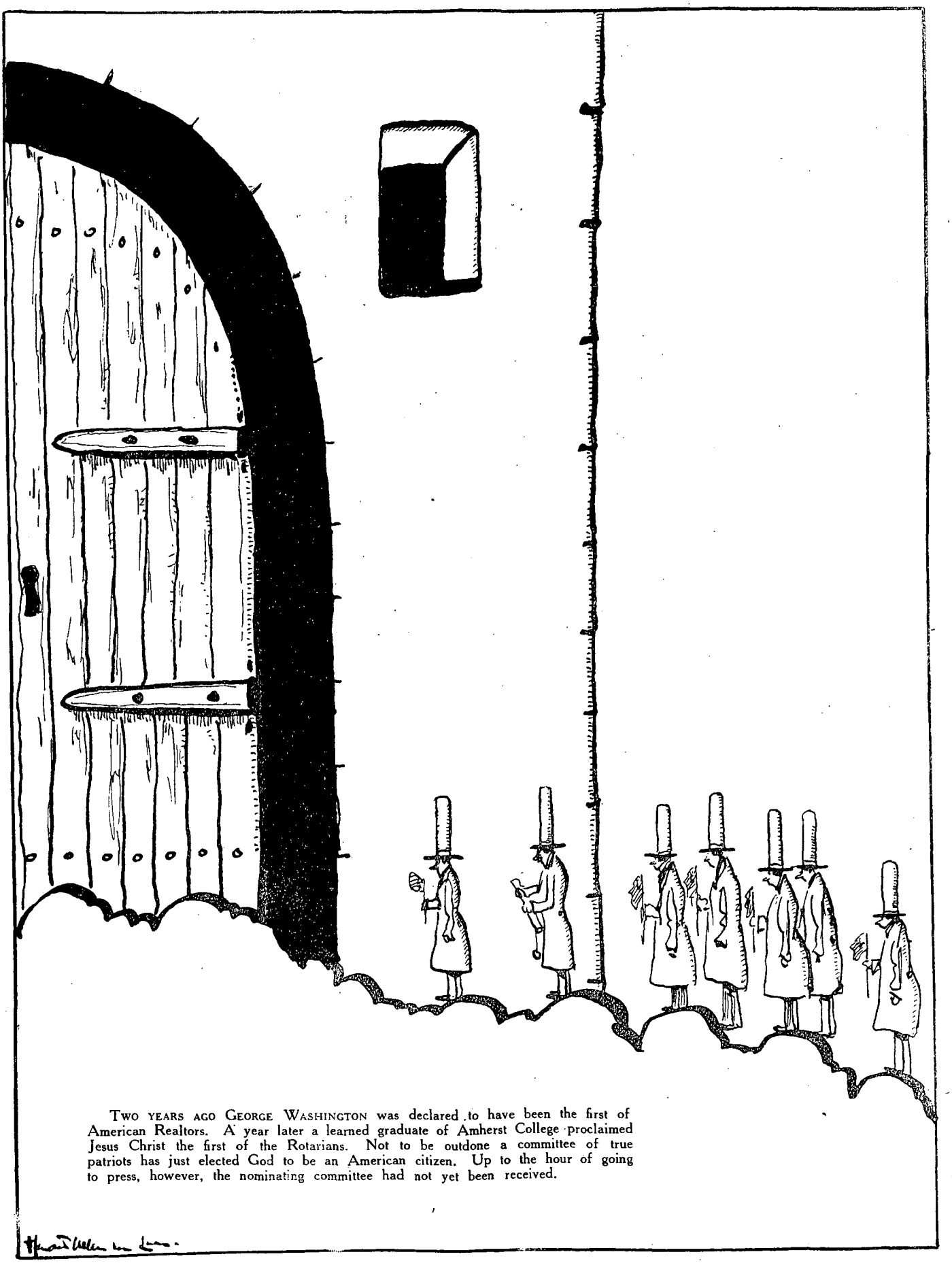

TWO YEARS AGO GEORGE WASHINGTON was declared to have been the first of American Realtors. A year later a learned graduate of Amherst College proclaimed Jesus Christ the first of the Rotarians. Not to be outdone a committee of true patriots has just elected God to be an American citizen. Up to the hour of going to press, however, the nominating committee had not yet been received.

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# Henry Ford's Utopia

By STUART CHASE

IT is impossible to overrate the importance of Henry Ford, of his tangible achievement and his industrial philosophy. The man who can persuade other men to do the things which he records in his textbook of life, "Today and Tomorrow";* who can turn tradition upside down and from the inverted structure wring thousands of horse-power, millions of tons, and tens of millions of dollars; who is strong enough to tell bankers that they are a set of swindlers, and brokers that their occupation is vicious nonsense; and who has the unheard-of audacity to say that his buildings and machines—a cool billion dollars' worth—belong to the public who paid for them, and that his trusteeship is only valid so long as he makes a sound and useful product on the principle of the highest possible wage and the lowest possible price—when this man speaks, if we are more than the shallowest of moonbeam-chasers, it is our duty to listen to him. (Incidentally, he is today by all odds the most popular writer in Soviet Russia.) What he has to say, whether we like it or not, is influencing our common life in America to a profound degree, and is destined to influence it more and more as the years go by. And the leaven is working around the margins of the Seven Seas. For Ford is the first great industrialist who has followed the deliberate policy of making the machine serve man, instead of man machine. That this policy has led inevitably to an open rupture with the whole intrenched framework of capitalism, profit-taking, and price-economics disturbs him not in the least. He welcomes the battle, and delivers another broadside at the "scavengers of finance."

If he were shooting spitballs out of a faculty-club window, or even out of union headquarters, his assault might be amusing enough, but we sober citizens would regard it as impractical and unimportant. Sober citizens of the Right and sober citizens of the Left would so regard it—applesauce! But it is the richest man the world has ever seen who is denting plug hats, and what is ten times more important, he has an organization behind him that works such miracles as leave us gaping like village idiots—miracles in power-generating; in revising the whole methodology of lumbering; in showing railroad men how to run railroads; in by-product reclamation; in keeping inventories on the move and never frozen in storehouses; in eliminating the bulk of bookkeeping; in showing farmers how to farm and how to coordinate farming and manufacturing; in making transportation per unit of output ever shorter, lighter, less bulky; in never giving a man a job a machine can do; in realizing — and acting thereon — that waste-elimination means prevention, not recovery—preplanning, not salvaging the breakage; in utilizing waterways as no industry before has ever had the intelligence to utilize them; in taking pride in the fact that "we have no trade secrets"; in building hospitals around a standard room instead of jamming rooms into a predetermined wall space; in keeping every square inch of his immense holdings spotlessly clean, sanitary, and, so far as may be, comfortable for the human beings which must inhabit them.

"One cannot hope to live *on* a community but *in* a community. . . . We have never put in a plant without raising purchasing power and standards of living." When, according to the behest of supply and demand, local tradesmen and landlords seek to cash in on Ford's high wages, the company proceeds to knock the bottom out of their laudable schemes and to insure higher living standards by opening stores or building houses itself.

Three-quarters of the book is factual description of what Ford has done, what changes he has wrought in the crust of this planet. There they stand for anybody to see—and I suspect no engineer can see those new Fordson turbines without weeping for joy. The other quarter is prophecy, statement of policy, and assorted general philosophy. The latter is mostly pretty terrible and need not detain the careful reader. The heart of the matter is policy, the new industrial synthesis, the new way of organizing economic life, which Ford earnestly and impressively advocates, and to which these stupefying concrete achievements in horse-power, steel, and high living-standards bear witness. Upwards of three million human beings, and three hundred times as many dollars, bear witness.

The policy is this: "The face of business is bowed toward the stockholder and not toward the consumer, and this means the denial of the primary purpose of industry." "Money men" make dividends, but engineers make goods. Business has fallen into the hands of money men, and they are doing their best to ruin it socially and financially. They make often a dubious product, and their costs are prohibitively high. "The profit motive, although it is supposed to be hard-headed and practical, is really not practical at all, because it has as its objectives the increasing of prices to the consumer and the decreasing of wages, and therefore it constantly narrows its markets, and eventually strangles itself." Hence business depressions. All this is wasteful; these muddle-headed bankers must give way to captains of industry, engineer-minded—such, for instance, as Mr. Henry Ford. They will run industry as it ought to be run, without waste, without speeding up, without adulteration, without "illth," and with the satisfaction of the public as the sole criterion of their stewardship.

"A machine does not belong to the man who buys it or who operates it, but to the public. We do not regard the public's money returned to the business (in the form of profits) as an investment on which interest should be charged. That money is the public's money, and the public, having confidence enough in our product to pay the money to us, is entitled to benefit by its confidence. We have no right to charge the public interest on its own money." (If the doctrine of private property ever received a more resounding wallop than this, I never heard it.) In other words, profit is not to be abolished, but its function is narrowed to financing plant improvements for the elimination of more waste, for higher wages and lower prices. Profit becomes the price paid for necessary improvements in keeping up with the technical arts. Ultimately all goes back to the consumer in the form of lower prices. And to insure the balanced working of the system, wages must always be a jump ahead of prices in order to liberate sufficient pur-

* "Today and Tomorrow," by Henry Ford. Doubleday, Page and Company.

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chasing power to keep the industrial structure operating at capacity. This is what Ford calls the "wage motive," which must supersede the old private-profit motive.

"Is the manufacturer going to create a thing that will help people, or only something to sell to people?" If the former, he belongs with the true captains; if the latter, he is proscribed. There is no place in Ford's Utopia for the higher salesmanship. Money returns to its function as a medium of exchange and ceases to blind men's vision to underlying physical realities. There is no virtue in money as such. Unemployment, except for necessary shifts from one activity to another, becomes unthinkable, as do all attempts at restriction of output by either management or worker. Ford hates the "make-work" theory as he hates the investment banker. "All our efforts to reduce the number of men on a single job have resulted in more jobs for more men." With the need of America for unlimited quantities of consumable goods, and with unlimited natural resources with which to supply those goods, there are always more jobs than there are men to fill them—granted the engineer-manufacturer in control.

Henry Ford is very specific as to the technique of managing men under this dispensation. It is the technique of his own company. Perhaps 5 per cent of employees are skilled craftsmen—designing, planning, blue-printing, tool-making, repairing, inspecting. The 95 per cent are "taught in a day" the simple duties and motions which operate the machines and the processes already planned. Tools are delivered waist high to obviate the labor of stooping over to pick them up. Any worker who shows the ability will readily be taken into the planning division. As for monotony, "we find that many workers prefer simple automatic tasks," which, combined with short hours, and plenty of time for leisure and the cultivation of hobbies outside the shop, reduces the danger to the vanishing-point. This is particularly noticeable in the decentralization experiment-stations along the River Rouge, where farmers and farm women put in their spare time making valves, taps, and generator cut-outs. . . . However wild, improbable, or treasonable the theory laid down, it is invariably supported with the fait accompli. It is working; nay, it is working well. Come, you scoffers, and see it work!

And there we are. The machine brought to heel at last, but run by engineers subject only to referendum of the public as reflected in its buying power. The government is invited to keep out and stay out, along with bankers, trade unions, reformers, charitable undertakings of all kinds, and, perhaps not so surprisingly after all, "experts." Our author hates experts and outside efficiency men of all kinds. He apparently works on trial and error within his own organization. This control, he thinks, should embrace not only manufacturing proper but agriculture as well. Farming must be coordinated, its units greatly enlarged, and locked with manufacturing, as in the River Rouge plants. One gathers that most public-service industries—gas, water, power generation, local transportation—must be taken from the government and put under the new control. As why should they not, if public service be the sole motive of the controllers?

The industrial Utopia of the modern Croesus is before us. We first have to ask whether it is a serious one, or whether it constitutes an unconscious rationalization on the author's part to defend his billion, and to convince himself and us that the services he has rendered warrant the title-deeds which still stand in his name—however much they may in theory "belong to the public." The cohorts of Rotary make obeisance before Service largely on such grounds. How does Ford differ from them, if at all? I think there is an important difference. Few Rotarians are paying a minimum of $6 a day for their common labor voluntarily, few reduce prices as Ford has done, few labor so single-heartedly in conforming themselves to sound and useful products, and none has ever dreamed of such applications of applied technology. This man, in my opinion, is not sublimating greed, despite the size of his fortune. The bulk of his profit has gone back into plant and not into personal swank. He means what he says, and his amazing organization is proof of it.

Our next and final question drives deeper. Granted the policy has worked for Ford, and that the American people have won great benefits therefrom, is it applicable to America—to Western civilization if you please—as a whole? Can we resign ourselves without further scrutiny to the stewardship of the engineer-business man? Is this indeed, as Mr. Filene has dared to hope, the Way Out? This is a question not lightly to be answered. Furthermore, while we are conning it, it may be answered for us. But I for one would be profoundly hesitant of giving it an unreserved affirmative. To begin with, Ford was himself the product of circumstances over which he had little control. The times demanded a cheap and dependable motor car. He happened to be the man that first met that demand—and was raised to unlimited power on the strength of it. If it had not been Ford it would have been somebody else—with the chances, to be sure, in favor of a greedier man. Old-line businesses, like shoes and soap and coal, have had, and will have, no such opportunity thrust into their hands. No such opportunity will probably come again until somebody makes a cheap and foolproof airplane. To generalize too broadly from a special case is always dangerous.

And other questions come on the run. What earnest have we that the Ford tradition will animate all our engineer-overlords after we have meekly handed over the earth to them? What earnest have we that Edsel will carry on; that inheritance will work any better here than it has worked with Romanoffs and Hapsburgs? What is the true danger of monotony implicit in the plan? Ford's experience on this point is conflicting and far from conclusive. What are the psychological imperatives for turning the profit motive upside down; why should public service take the place of selfishness in the general run of large manufacturers, almost overnight? Ford, due to the fortunate circumstances recited above, was made rich enough to afford the public-service point of view. Can we put all our captains through the same training?

Finally, and most important of all, I find nothing in his book or in his Utopia which contemplates any industrial general staff for coordinating national requirements with production. That vital necessity remains in the hands of free competition. A thousand Fords might make untold savings within their own organizations, but, lacking any community synthesis, they might well waste in the aggregate—due to their wars and reprisals—more than they saved. Purchasing power forms no very effective check against competitive waste, particularly when the competitors are giant vertical organizations. Coal and oil and lumber and minerals—aye, and man-power—may go faster down this chute than they do even under the prevailing rules of the game. If the captains can agree not to step on each other's toes, and can set up, furthermore, a coordi-

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nating overhead machinery, there might be something in it. But this contingency Ford never mentions, and I suspect would refuse to indorse. He has the usual mystical faith in "my business." He has never placed his business, with all its implications, in the whole economic framework of the nation.

I might be willing to vote for Ford as industrial Czar of America during good behavior; but his Utopia of competitive giants flares, dims, and turns to ashes before my eyes.

Which is not saying that my children will not live under it.

# Evading the Washington Treaty

By SILAS BENT

THE treaty for the limitation of armament adopted at Washington in 1921 was heralded as putting an end to naval competition among the Great Powers. It did no such thing. Competition continues, with only a change of direction. The treaty merely limits tonnage, and to evade it metals lighter than steel are being used in the naval craft of the United States, Great Britain, and Japan. The covenant became effective August 17, 1923; but even before that time the chief signatories, which had voluntarily met to frame it, had set about finding ways of wriggling out from under its provisions.

The United States Navy, for example, has just let a contract to the Cramps for the construction of a cruiser, the Salt Lake City. The treaty limited cruisers to a deadweight of not more than 10,000 tons; and this craft is no heavier. But consider, if you will, its dimensions. It will have a length over all of 585 feet 8 inches. We have four battleships of the first line not so long as that, although they have greater draft and beam. These are the Arkansas, 562 feet over all, built in 1912; the Nevada, 583 feet, built in 1916; the New York, 573 feet, dating from 1914; and the Utah, 521 feet, from 1911. The answer is that this giant cruiser is not built of steel. A companion cruiser, the Pensacola, about to be constructed at the New York Navy Yard, promises to be even bigger and better. And in future construction, as the navy's research unit proceeds with its experiments in compounds of aluminum and duralumin, the use of lighter metals will be extended. The goal is to get warcraft which, weighing but two-thirds as much as if built throughout of steel, can be proportionately larger and more powerful. Such floating fighters, although within the precise wording of the treaty, will, in fact, give the lie to those terms.

Hailed as a magnificent achievement in the cause of world peace, the treaty proves to have been but another international pleasantry. The joker is that naval vessels are not limited as to size, but only as to deadweight (and, in some cases, in number). A post-treaty battleship may not weigh more than 35,000 tons; but when its interior structure is of lighter metals, a much more formidable manslayer becomes possible. Whether the convention was framed with a tongue in the diplomatic cheek I cannot say. But it seems unlikely that all the naval experts who foregathered in the Pan-American Building while the treaty was being drawn could have been blind to the possibilities latent in that joker. Certainly many of us who watched the proceedings saw well enough that not peace, but temporary governmental economy in a world shattered by war, was the motive of the conference.

The United States Navy Department has been experimenting for years with light-metal compounds, and it is no secret in Washington or in London, whence I recently returned, that Great Britain and Japan have been doing the same thing. The results of these experiments are "military secrets."

It is a fact, however, that, although the task of research has been by no means concluded, our own navy has found a light-weight metal compound suitable for battleships which is less subject to corrosion than steel, and recommends itself as an economy in that way aside from its weight-saving qualities. Reducing weight also makes possible a higher freeboard, and so makes possible greater speed. Destroyers, for instance, have a rating of thirty-five knots, but they can make no such rate in heavy seas. The figure is an ideal maximum. Constructed within the treaty limitations, but of lighter metals, they may overcome the speed handicap to a great extent.

Greater size, even without increase in weight, requires more powerful engines. Thus another innovation for post-treaty craft is under consideration by the United States Navy: the utilization of higher steam pressure. The pressure now accepted as standard is 300 pounds; the pressure sought by our naval engineers is 700 pounds, which is without precedent in naval construction. Such craft would be driven by geared turbines, and the contemplated higher pressure means, when achieved, wholly new designs of boilers, packing glands, and other parts.

The ostensibly pacific gesture at the Pan-American Building means, therefore, not only a revolution in the structure of sea warriors but a revolution in their motive power. It means, possibly, greater manslaughter. The United States Navy, so steel experts say, has exercised an influence on the development of the industry in this country out of all proportion to the metal it has used. The construction of steel ships began in 1889, and since then the navy has used somewhat more than two billion tons of steel and iron—mostly steel—or about one-fourth of 1 per cent of the enormous output. If that has been true of steel, we may seek to comfort ourselves with the ironic reflection that a corresponding influence in the improvement of turbines and light metals will compensate for the potential greater manslaughter at sea.

For men of war which must take the first line of battle nothing has been found to replace steel as an armored sheathing. They must be built to withstand a gunfire capable of penetrating eighteen inches of steel before the shell explodes. They must have heavy protective decks and be secure against under-water projectiles. For these purposes steel must still be used. But all the furniture, all the watertight inner compartments, all the cross-bracing is of metal too; and by the use of the new compound enormous economies in weight can be effected. And cruisers,

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which are not meant to take the first line of battle, do not require the heavy steel sheathing of dreadnaughts. The Pensacola and the Salt Lake City will not be expected to withstand a broadside.

The Cramps, who are to build the Salt Lake City, will provide engines both for her and for the Pensacola. Their bid was ten million dollars for the whole job, almost a million lower than any other. The Salt Lake City is to have a speed of at least 32½ knots, a beam of 65 feet 2 inches, and a draft of 19 feet 6 inches. Each cruiser will carry a main battery of not less than ten eight-inch guns. It is interesting to note that Congress was persuaded to appropriate $11,100,000 for each of these ships, as a maximum. Having saved more than a million on the first, with the engines provided for the second, the Navy Department is well-set for its experiments in light metals to use in the second. That is why we may expect a bigger and better craft in the Pensacola. The money is available for more expensive alloys in a brand-new compound, if necessary. Truly, our naval competitors may well sit up and take notice!

Not merely greater size but heavier batteries become possible through the use of lighter metals in naval craft. The Washington treaty specifies how many guns ships of each class may carry, but not their caliber nor their range. Our best anti-aircraft gun will shoot five miles vertically, and our naval officers were rather chesty about it until they heard that the British had a new gun, around the construction of which a great deal of mystery was thrown, which would throw a projectile six miles vertically. These are the most powerful of their type so far devised, and are of five-inch caliber, whereas four inches had been the limit theretofore. It was disquieting news, and the ordnance branch of our navy, we may be sure, is a-tiptoe.

About ordnance some secrecy may be maintained, but about the main facts as to the dimensions and type of motive power, in the great navies of the world, there is a general knowledge. Why, then, this secrecy about the use of light metals? So far as I know nothing has ever been printed about it, and I am unable to offer official confirmation of the facts I have set down here. Our Navy Department has made no public statement, and Secretary Wilbur declines to be interviewed. A naval officer, undertaking to explain the general silence, told me this bit of history:

"When we went into the World War," he said, "we heard that the German battleships were equipped with more powerful guns than we had, and we worked night and day to bring our ordnance up to that standard. Finally we succeeded. We even built guns a little better than the armament we supposed the enemy to have. But when the German fleet was raised from Scapa Flow we learned that we had been misled as to the power and range of their armament. The guns were no better than those we had when first we heard the rumor.

"Now, if it becomes known what metals we are using in our post-treaty ships, and how we are using them, it will stimulate other governments to surpass us if possible."

But in view of the excellent system of international espionage which I understand to be maintained, this explanation seems to me hardly to hold water. Possibly the truth is that the Great Powers are a little shamefaced at evading the terms of a treaty into which they entered freely and voluntarily, with such grandiloquent mouthing of world peace.

# Give Germany Her Colonies

By PHILIP SNOWDEN

IF Germany enters the League of Nations, with a permanent seat on the Council, she will be entitled to all the rights of a Great Power. She cannot then be regarded as disqualified from exercising mandatory powers over backward areas, such as are enjoyed by other members of the League.

The Treaty of Versailles deprived Germany of all her overseas possessions. This was one of the gravest of the many injustices of that treaty, and one which, if left unredressed, is bound to lead to serious consequences. There is little danger of another war arising out of conditions in Western Europe. But if the legitimate economic aspirations of a great commercial nation like Germany are suppressed, and if her trade rivals are permitted to monopolize the wide areas which supply essential raw materials and provide an outlet for surplus population, an economic conflict will arise which will sooner or later inevitably lead to another war.

Such a calamity must be avoided. The Treaty of Locarno was an effort to remove the possibility of war through the conflict of interests and ambitions in Western Europe. The spirit of international amity and conciliation which prompted that treaty must extend its preventive measures to cover the whole field of international relations.

That part of the Treaty of Versailles which deprived Germany of all her colonies was not merely a distinct breach of the pledges given by the Allies during the war but it was a deliberate attempt to cripple the economic development of Germany for the trade advantage of her commercial rivals. President Wilson declared that when peace came to be made he "would eschew anything that might lead the German nation to think that he contemplated a peace which would contravene its legitimate economic aspirations." Other Allied statesmen gave utterance to similar intentions. But in the vindictive spirit which dictated the treaty these pledges were forgotten or ignored. To excuse the seizure of the German colonies a widespread propaganda was carried on to give the impression that Germany had proved incapable of good colonial government.

There was no real foundation for such a charge. It is true that in the early days of German colonization there were incidents which could not be defended. But that can be said with truth of every colonizing Power. After Germany had gained experience her colonial government became a model for the admiration and emulation of Great Britain. British Foreign office reports published before the war bore testimony to that fact.

Mr. Winston Churchill, when Colonial Secretary, speaking at the Imperial Conference on June 21, 1921, said:

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> We have endeavored to equip it [German East Africa] with a government not inferior to the German administration which it has replaced. . . . I am afraid for a year or two this territory will compare unfavorably with its progress and prosperity when it was in the hands of our late opponents.

The present Under Secretary for the Colonies said two years later of this territory:

> It is absolutely incumbent upon us to give that vast territory at least as good and complete an administration as was given by the Germans in that country before the war.

This testimony disposes of the war-time propaganda about the unfitness of Germany to administer backward areas. On the ground of fitness it places Germany at least on an equality with Great Britain as a colonizing Power.

Two other important facts about German colonial policy may be noted, which were in striking contrast to the colonial policy of France. Germany adopted the policy of the "open door" for the trade of other countries and she did not train the natives for military service. France, in the exercise of her mandate from the League of Nations, and in violation of the spirit and letter of the Covenant, is militarizing the natives.

Apart from the moral aspects of this question of depriving Germany of her overseas possessions, and the impossibility of denying her rights when she joins the League which other Powers possess under the Covenant, there is the imperative need of Germany having access to essential raw materials and having the means of expansion. It is inconceivable that good relations can be maintained if Great Britain, France, Belgium, Portugal, and Italy have vast colonial possessions and such a nation as Germany is denied such possessions and opportunities.

France, with a population of thirty-eight millions, has a colonial empire of nearly five million square miles; Belgium, with a population of seven millions, has colonies with an area of a million square miles; and Great Britain has an empire which comprises about one-fifth of the world's surface. Peace cannot be maintained permanently if Germany, the third greatest commercial country in the world, is excluded by her rivals from colonial expansion.

By the loss of her overseas possessions Germany was deprived of some of the most productive parts of her territory. At present she is obliged to import from foreign countries one-third of her essential food and raw materials. Her population is increasing. The need for expansion increases with her growing population.

Great Britain has no interest in opposing the claims of Germany to colonial mandates. Great Britain has an empire large enough to satisfy the most voracious appetite. Her task is the development of what she has, not the addition of more territory to her responsibilities. The settlement of Germany's claim to colonial mandates must be the outcome of friendly bargaining. The mistake made in 1919 will have to be tacitly admitted. Some of the territory then seized had been acquired by Germany by purchase, other parts had been ceded for concessions elsewhere. Some of the areas now administered under mandate by other Great Powers would have to be transferred to Germany. When Germany enters the League the whole question of colonial mandates will naturally be reopened.

Mr. Asquith said in the early days of the war: "The aim of the Allies in this war is to smooth the path to an international system insuring the principle of equal rights for all civilized nations." That must now be the practical aim of the late Allies, who, in the matter of extending equal rights in regard to colonial mandates, will be supported by the smaller nations.

The peace of the world, which is a vital interest of every nation, demands the just settlement of this problem of colonization. It will involve the surrender of mandates now exercised, but that is a small matter compared with the denial of equal rights to Germany and the certain consequences which would eventually follow a policy of exclusion. There are precedents of recent date in transfers by Great Britain to Italy and Belgium.

It is of vital international concern to bring the spirit of amity and conciliation to the solution of this perplexing and menacing problem of colonial mandates, assuring always that the mandatory Power exercises its trusteeship, first of all, for the well-being and progress of the native peoples.

# Two Unpublished Tales

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

[*Georg Brandes once wrote to Hans Christian Andersen: "You are the writer who has done more wrong to criticism than any other, who has supported all popular prejudices against this art and has brought upon it contempt and scorn." These two hitherto unknown tales illustrate what Brandes meant. Andersen, however, thought so well of them that he made three versions of one, though they were never published during his lifetime and were only recently discovered. They illustrate not only Andersen's charm, but also his almost morbid sensitiveness to criticism. The translations printed below are from the German of the* Berliner Tageblatt *of April 9.*]

## Quack

THE birds of the forest sat on the branches of the trees where they really had leaves enough. But there were some who insisted on having a new good leaf, a leaf which they fervently desired, a critical leaf* of the kind which men have in such abundance and of which half would be more than enough.

The song-birds wanted musical criticism, each for his own praise and for the censure of others—where there was cause for censure. But they could not agree where an impartial critic might be found.

"It must be a bird," said the Owl, who had been elected chairman of the meeting—since she was the bird of wisdom. "He can hardly be chosen from another species of animals, unless perhaps he might come out of the water. There the fish fly about as the birds do in the air; to be sure that is the only family likeness. But there are other animals which are neither birds nor fish."

Here the Stork asked for the floor. He clattered: "Yes, there are beings between the fish and the birds, creatures of the swamps—the frogs. These I nominate. They are very musical; they sing in chorus like chimes

* There is a play on words here which cannot be reproduced in English. *Blatt,* means "leaf," but it also means "journal," and is so translated throughout the remainder of the tale.

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in the lonely wood. My peace is gone and I grow very restless when I hear them sing."

"I am for the frogs, too," said the Heron. "They are neither birds nor fish, but they dwell with the fish and they sing like the birds."

"That would settle the musical end," said the Owl. "But this journal must deal with everything beautiful in the forest. There must be collaborators. Let each review his family for possible candidates."

Then the little Lark sang, beautifully and unconcerned: "The Frog must not be editor-in-chief. Oh no! The Nightingale must be that."

"Stop that squeaking!" said the Owl; "I hoot for order! I know the Nightingale. We are both nightbirds. Each bird sings according to his bill. Neither she nor I must be chosen. Otherwise this journal would take on the character of an aristocratic, a philosophic, a beau-monde sheet, in which only the distinguished had a part. But it must also be the organ of the common man."

It was proposed to call it *Morning Quack* or *Evening Quack* or merely *Quack*. The last was finally agreed upon.

Thus a long-felt need of the woods would be relieved. The Bee, the Ant, and the Mole promised to write about industry and engineering. They were experts in that.

The Cuckoo was a nature poet. He was not really counted among the song-birds, but was of the greatest importance for the common man. "He is advertising his own work everywhere; he is the vainest of the birds and yet he looks so plain," said the peacock.

Then the Blue-Bottles came to the editor: "We offer our services. We know men; we understand this business of editing; we are well versed in criticism. We sit down on fresh meat, soil it with filth—and it is spoiled before a day is past. We can annihilate a talent, if necessary, in the service of the editor. As a partisan sheet, one may attain such a position of eminence that one can afford to be vulgar. If one subscriber is lost, sixteen others will be gained. Be blunt, call vile names, place in the pillory, whistle with your fingers like the gamin of the street—and you are a power in the state."

"Such a windbag!" the Frog said about the Stork. "To think that I actually thought myself the smaller and looked up to him and felt a trembling veneration for him! And when he paraded about in the swamp and spoke of Egypt, how my horizon was widened to extend to far-distant, wonderful lands! But now he does not impress me any more. All that was but plagiarism and imitation. I have grown wiser, more thoughtful, more important. I write critical articles in *Quack*. I am what is called in good English a quack-mouth! The species is also found among men. I wrote a feuilleton on that in our last issue."

## The Copy Clerk

THERE was an official, part of whose duty it was to be also a good penman. He was well fitted for his office, but he could not write very legibly. He therefore inserted an advertisement in the paper to obtain someone who could. So many answered the advertisement that he could have filled a barrel with the applications. But one was sufficient, and he employed the first that came. This person wrote a hand that was as beautiful as that of a calligraphic machine. The official had the brains to write intelligently. And since his documents were done in such beautiful script all the people said: "That is very well written."

*"I did that,"* said the copy clerk, whose mind was in fact not worth a farthing. After he had listened to praise for an entire week, he grew vain and wanted to take the place of the official.

He might really have been an excellent teacher of penmanship and looked well at tea parties with a white neckerchief. But now he wanted to excel all other writers. So he wrote about painters and sculptors, about the theater and music.

He published terrible stuff, and when it became too stupid, he stated the next day that it had been a printer's error.

Everything he wrote was a printer's error, and in print one could unfortunately not see the beautiful handwriting which was his chief asset.

"I can annihilate; I can raise to the heavens! I am a devil of a fellow, a little god—and not such a little one at that!"

That was the raving of a megalomaniac. He died of it and received a handsome obituary notice in the papers. Now, was that not a sad thing, to be praised by a friend who really knew how to invent tales, when his whole life, with its brag and blow and bluster, was nothing but a miserable invention itself?

## In the Driftway

THE Drifter has a friend, skeptical by nature and by training, who teaches history in a large Eastern university. There is one story he always tells his students in American history—a story which he recently also told the Drifter. As a boy, so it goes, the Drifter's friend was taken to visit a churchyard in northern New York. On an elegant headstone, placed there by the Daughters of the American Revolution, he read that his illustrious forefather, Peleg by name, had been a Major in the War for Independence; that he had been close friend and companion of Washington, and finally, at Valley Forge, aide-de-camp of the General. The boy descendant of this glorious warrior was mightily impressed. As he grew older his interest in Peleg increased, and he decided to consult the records and learn the thrilling details of this courageous career which had long been one of the most honored of the family traditions.

* * * * *

PELEG, it seemed, lived in the old family home in a New Hampshire village when the Revolution broke out. Early in the war he served two enlistments, five months in all. He spent this period in Boston, where he may have seen Washington. By the end of the five months he had reached the rank of Sergeant Major, in the Quartermaster's Corps. When his second enlistment expired, Peleg returned to the farm in New Hampshire and, like his neighbors, forgot all about the war. Two years later, when it seemed likely that Burgoyne, on his way down from Canada, might choose a way through New Hampshire, the State woke up to the fact that a war was going on, and assigned quotas to the towns of the State. Peleg's home village was asked to contribute six soldiers. A town meeting was convened—

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all this is a matter of record—and volunteers were asked for. Two men volunteered. But six had to go. Consternation reigned. Finally, the meeting voted to give one hundred hard dollars to each of four men who would go to war. In those days a hundred hard dollars was a good-sized fortune—an excellent farm could be bought with it—and four young men, among them Peleg, consented to fight for their country. Then, however, the two volunteers struck. They refused to enlist unless they too were paid one hundred hard dollars each. The town meeting could not refuse. So six young men with six hundred hard New Hampshire dollars to their credit set out for the war. Somewhere in New Hampshire they joined the State regiment and Peleg at once took his former rank of Sergeant Major in the Quartermaster's Corps. The regiment finally pushed on to Fort Ticonderoga. On the way they fought a few skirmishes with the British but, to quote his descendant, "since Peleg was probably sorting peas it is doubtful whether he ever saw a red-coat." For a year and a half Peleg stayed safely at Ticonderoga, a Sergeant Major in the Quartermaster's Corps. At the end of that time he obtained a discharge on the ground of ill health and returned to New Hampshire. Less than a year later there is recorded a letter from the town clerk protesting Peleg's discharge. The clerk stated that because of the discharge the town meeting had had to vote another hundred dollars to provide a substitute, while Peleg, whose health seemed unimpaired, had married and was raising a family. The protest came to naught. From here on the records are voiceless until years later when Peleg's application for a pension, sent from somewhere in New York State, is recorded. It was granted without protest. The Revolution was already taking on the aura of glory, which has become blinding with the years.

* * * * *

"MY students," concluded the Drifter's friend, "laugh heartily at my ancestor. But I have my inning too; for the laugh gives way to rather resentful consternation when I remark at the end of the hour: 'Remember, please, that that was the Spirit of '76.'" THE DRIFTER

# Correspondence

## Our Airfleet a Century Ago

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: War with Japan is again predicted in the daily papers and in magazines, and in Hector Bywater's "1931: The Great Pacific War" a whole book is devoted to the anticipation of this calamity.

Perhaps the writers of these modern fantasies, as we would fain hope their productions will turn out to be, and some of your readers will learn with interest, if they do not already know of it, that a war between Japan and the United States was foreseen one hundred years ago; not only that, but the destruction of Tokio by an "imperial American airfleet" (Kaiserlich Amerikanische Luftflotte) was also foretold. This prediction, with an illustration showing what the prophet conceived an airship to be like, may be found mentioned in an interesting volume: "Johann Konrad Friederich, ein vergessener Schriftsteller," by F. C. Ebrard and Louis Liebmann. Frankfurt, 1918. Page 112.

*San Francisco, June 13* L. N.

## Is Grammar Bunk?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "A Young Conservative" writes you in protest against "a rebel who states that usage alone determines correct English and that rules of grammar are the bunk." Who's a rebel and who's a conservative? The "Art of Poetry," containing the words "usus, penes quem est jus et norma loquendi," was written by Horace, who died before the birth of Christ. This "Art of Poetry" immediately took rank as one of the most classic manuals of the rules of style, and has maintained that rank to this day. Does this Conservative know of any equally early attempt to propagate the heresy that rules of grammar were the thing to look to?

*Ballard Vale, Mass., April 20* STEVEN T. BYINGTON

## They Starve in Bulgaria

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have received a letter from a friend in Bulgaria giving facts which will, I believe, interest readers of *The Nation*. If anyone should care to send money for the relief of the persons whose plight is described and others in similar circumstances, I can guarantee that the author of this letter will handle such funds wisely and conscientiously.

> Now I have a special question to ask and a request to make. The widow of the poet George Mileff, who disappeared—killed without a trial—is in desperate need. She has heard through a sister-in-law in America that Bulgarians in Chicago are interested in his writing. He wrote in behalf of the oppressed people and against the political slaughter we have here from time to time. I wonder whether some help would come to her if one were to have some of his poems translated and printed as a little booklet.
>
> Then I wondered whether you have any way of making an appeal for funds or small gifts to help these destitute widows of writers, journalists, and other intelligent men who were killed so unjustly. A committee from the English Labor Party came last summer and raised quite a fund in England to help sufferers through the winter. But now the fund is exhausted, and yet there is a great economic crisis, shortage of work, low wages, people failing in business, etc. There is a girl taking meals at —— whose father has been sentenced to lifelong imprisonment and whose mother has gone crazy and is being taken care of by *her* mother. Judging by the girl and her aunt, a medical doctor who was also interned for a while, her father is probably as innocent as you or I. His mistake lay in having belonged to the "accused" party. The girl has been helped by the committee, but she is a schoolgirl and one wonders what will become of her next. Recently I heard of a whole family's having disappeared last spring excepting the old grandmother, whom they did not see and who was too deaf to hear the commotion. Those who have lost the bread-winner have not even been given a death certificate so that they might draw on their insurance money. I know a former minister's wife who manages to sew five jersey blouses a day and receives 50 leva, or about 35 cents, for all this work to support her two children. . . .

*New York, June 20* ANNA ROCHESTER

[Contributions sent in care of *The Nation* will be forwarded to the writer of this letter.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

## Listen!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to congratulate you on the book number just at hand. Your book reviews are always fearless, honest, and dependable. One is always safe in going by them in the purchase of new books.

*Bay City, Michigan, June 9* WILLARD E. KING

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# Books

## First Glance

HOW much of the Pepys who is familiar to us through the "Diary" is to be come upon in the two volumes of the "Private Correspondence and Miscellaneous Papers of Samuel Pepys: 1679-1703," edited by J. R. Tanner from the Pepys Cockerell Collection (Harcourt, Brace: $12.50), may be gathered from three facts: that most of the letters published therein are by others than Pepys himself, that a great many of the subjects discussed have only a remote connection with his familiar life, and that when he does speak he speaks chiefly out of his seventh decade. The "Diary" was kept between his twenty-seventh and thirty-sixth years; the present papers, although they introduce him at forty-six, really become consecutive as he is nearing sixty. The Pepys of a hundred amours, then, and the Pepys who bickered with his dear wife, and the Pepys who ran literally everywhere after news and seemed to have the knack of appearing in ten important parts of London at once—this Pepys is gone. In his place we have a man already old, a man frequently in pain from the same stone which caused so much comment in the "Diary," and a man so sober as he looks at life that he has little patience with the generation growing up around him. The most charming portion of the correspondence printed here is composed of the letters which passed between Pepys and the even older John Evelyn; and the bond between these gentlemen was more than anything else, I am sure, their agreement upon the badness of the age. "Never was this Nation," wrote Evelyn to his friend in 1701, "so atheistical, false, and un-steady; covetous, selfe intrested, impudently detracting and uncharitable; ingratefull, lewd, and luxurious; in summe, so universaly vitious, dissolute, and perverted." Pepys was milder than that, but he could write to Dr. Charlett of "gross, contagious, and destructive pleasures" which contemporary youth in his view found too attractive. Gone is the Pepys who sat up late at night confiding to himself that he had kissed more than one willing cheek that day.

Yet he is not gone either. Pepys, examined closely enough, seems after all of a piece. The significant fact about the earlier man was that he did keep a diary, that he did make his entries in it secret. The world knew him then as one curious after respectable knowledge and experience. It is as such a one that he appears in these letters, and it is certainly as such a one that first and last he liked to think of himself. Here, at any rate, is the Pepys who was both curious and respectable—the historian of the British navy, the antiquarian, the collector, the bibliophile, the amateur scientist and mathematician, the poker into mysteries. Here, in a word, is the "virtuoso"; a virtuoso being by Evelyn's definition one with the capacity to "know, and (which is more) effect, a world of ingenius things without vanity," and by Pepys's own definition one aware of the blessed fact "that nothing that brings knowledge with it can be either tedious, unprofitable, or unpleasant." Pepys as correspondent with the astronomer Wallis, with the antiquarians Wanley and Hickes, and with Isaac Newton; Pepys as inquirer into the "second sight" of Scotch Highlanders; Pepys as encourager of new schemes in education; Pepys as collector of prints, portraits, manuscripts, medals, and historical evidences; Pepys as monitor to his nephew John Jackson, who on his tour of Europe must "pry and ask questions" and write home every particular—this Pepys is abundantly here. And he is less interesting than the immortal Pepys only in so far as learning is less interesting than love.

MARK VAN DOREN

## An Early Master

*Charles Bulfinch, Architect and Citizen.* By Charles A. Place. Houghton Mifflin Company. $15.

THE life of Charles Bulfinch bridged a great historical chasm. Educated in Boston during the Revolution, he knew it as a small colonial port city whose architecture was dominantly Colonial English; by the time of his death, in 1844, American architecture had set out on its own eclectic course, American life had begun to develop those special characteristics that we recognize as ours today. Mr. Place's book gives a new opportunity to evaluate the part which Bulfinch played in this change, and some little insight into the reaction those changes produced in him. In addition it is indispensable to anyone interested in the origins of American taste.

Bulfinch was more than an architect; he was by inheritance as well as by experience a public character. His family was wealthy, distinguished—one suspects, at heart rather Tory. His father was a financier as well as a doctor; in 1787 he contributed largely to the fund that sent Kendrick and Gray cruising on the Pacific Coast; his money helped buy and equip the Columbia, whose name was given to the river Gray discovered. Thus from an early day Bulfinch must have been in close touch with the excitement and later the inflation due to the sudden expansion of the new nation. And it would seem that this excitement, with its consequent urge to speculate, penetrated and fired his imagination.

Mr. Place gives a detailed and valuable account of Bulfinch's public service. He was particularly interested in the question of new streets, new land, new bridges. He was an ardent town planner. He designed the development of the old Mill Pond; he assisted in planning the newly made land around Washington Street. He recognized the practical as well as the aesthetic basis of town planning in almost a modern way; his scheme for Broad Street and the India Wharf Development proves this, just as the dignified simplicity of the India Wharf stores show his skill in the straightforward design of industrial buildings.

It was this interest in the physical betterment of Boston, combined with a thirst for speculation strange in a man so retiring, that brought Bulfinch twice into disaster. First, there was his scheme for Franklin Place, a crescent of simple connected houses in the English manner. This "Tontine Crescent" was an ambitious design for twenty-four houses of large and ample dignity. Bulfinch had not the capital to swing it himself, and one by one his partners and backers withdrew. The result was inevitable bankruptcy; in 1796, and the loss of the entire family fortune. But the houses were built; for years they were among the pleasantest and most-sought-after dwellings of their type in the town. And fifteen years later he again ran into trouble with real estate. His acquaintances were making fortunes in filled Back Bay lots; he owned a tract, spent a great deal of money in it, could not sell at once, was pressed by his creditors, and actually spent a month in a debtors' jail!

The moment one examines the designs which Mr. Place so lavishly illustrates, the inexplicable mystery of the creation of beauty in art arises. For Bulfinch was never a great architect in the sense that Brunelleschi or Michelangelo or Bertram Goodhue were great. His originality was strictly limited, his taste at times at fault. And yet building after building lasts

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today not only as a monument to its time but also itself as a living inspiration; the west façade of the United States Capitol—Bulfinch's contribution—is one of its loveliest features.

Bulfinch seems rather the careful craftsman than the brilliant creator. Mr. Place shows his debt to Somerset House in London for the Boston Capitol; at Washington he merely improved upon that. His houses are monotonously similar. His use of a square-headed window under a brick relieving arch became an obsession. And yet the whole lasts—and lasts, it would seem, for two reasons. The first is a prophetic sensitiveness to the popular taste of his time which makes his work almost impersonal in its perfect expressiveness. But if this sensitiveness kept him from aberrations and gave to all his work its peculiar appropriateness, it was another factor that raised it to a high plane—a deep and quiet reverence for beauty. This took the place of genius and sometimes it was genius. It was a little thin, perhaps, a little retiring and aristocratic, this beauty which Bulfinch so carefully and seriously served, but it was none the less real for that. It makes even the austere simplicity of his Boston houses a precious satisfaction. When the style and the problem were familiar the beauty becomes, with Bulfinch, the more sure; yet even the labored effort of his Gothic church and the queer complexities which his lack of technical skill sometimes produced are witnesses of his constant struggle to achieve perfection with an uncomprehended medium. And when the medium was perfectly comprehended at last Bulfinch achieved definite greatness. The church at Lancaster, Massachusetts, is the climax. Not seeking originality as an end, it achieves intense personal originality in spite of itself. In every line of it, from the slim brick arches of the porch, or the plain solid railings of the gallery stair, to the restrained grace of the cupola and the richness of the white pulpit, the spirit of living beauty is incarnate, come down to dwell in a Massachusetts town. The worshiper has created his god.

One wonders what sort of man this was, actually, in daily life. And it is here that Mr. Place is disappointing. It is the one fault in a volume otherwise exceedingly valuable. From this careful, stimulating study of background, of public service, of architectural design, there comes no sense of a living character. A mass of contradictions around a continually elusive personality—this is how the story reads.

TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN

## Asia

*Mesopotamia: The Babylonian and Assyrian Civilization.* By L. Delaporte. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.
*The Aegean Civilization.* By George Glotz. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.
*The Peoples of Asia.* By L. H. Dudley Buxton. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

THE book named here in the third place is an excellent justification of the Kahn system of fellowships, for that system gave Mr. Buxton his first-hand acquaintance with Asia and enabled him to produce the best general book on the complex humanity of the continent which has yet appeared in any language. I disclaim all right to estimate either his thoroughness or his adequacy in the elaborate discussion of the races of Southeastern Asia, but I am satisfied that the peoples of Western Asia are well and soundly discussed. One is interested to see that he stands bravely by the Arabian origin of the Semites, but avoids a decision as to the origin or ancient home of the Sumerians, whom he would include in his special classification of Armenoid types—which I doubt very much. If there be any lack in the anthropological description and classification I should say it must be sought in the treatment of the Semites, for the discussion is both scattered and sketchy.

The other two volumes, translated from the French, originally appeared in the "Bibliothèque de Synthèse Historique" and in the series "L'Evolution de l'Humanité," of which the brilliant Henri Berr is editor. The French series is conceived upon a large scale, for no less than twenty-six of its volumes are assigned to antiquity. They are marvels of cheapness at twenty francs each, are well printed on a tough paper, and are adequately if not elegantly illustrated. The English series, edited by C. K. Ogden, with Harry E. Barnes as American consulting editor, are much handsomer books than their French originals, and the price has accordingly risen to five or six dollars a volume. The two which here come under notice are fortunate in their authors, since Gustave Glotz is one of the foremost Hellenists of our day and none of the distinguished company of French Orientalists is better fitted to discuss the tangled problem of Babylonian and Assyrian civilization than is M. Delaporte.

M. Glotz has written a big book on the splendid civilization which preceded the Greek. The basis for all his work is prevailingly archaeological, for he begins with Schliemann in 1875 at Troy, Mycenae, and Tiryns, and finds his climax in Knossos under Sir Arthur J. Evans from 1900 to 1905 and 1924. After a general introduction he divides his material into four books: Material Life, Social Life, Religious Life, Artistic and Intellectual Life. In these he finds space to picture the physical type; dress; arms and armor; the house and the place; the social system and government; agriculture; industry; trade; international relations; fetishism; the anthropomorphic divinities; places of worship; religious ceremonies; the cult of the dead; games; art; writing and language. It is, indeed, a comprehensive survey of all that is at present known of a civilization which begins more than 3,000 years before the Christian era. The story is exceedingly well told, with characteristic French clarity and warmth. To M. Glotz the people who made Crete so glorious in a period so remote become living human beings whose achievement must be celebrated as not merely equal but far superior to the best that the Orient had to offer. Here and there one may see evidence of exaggeration, of an unintentional effort to belittle some other civilization that the Aegean may come to greater honor. A very interesting sign of this is to be seen in the mention of the Phoenicians, whose achievement M. Berr in the foreword thinks much exaggerated; and M. Glotz supports him. M. Berr says that "Phoenician supremacy in the Mediterranean dates from about 1100 to 800," and M. Glotz disparages the race as alphabet-makers, saying boldly: "The Phoenicians have shown no inventive genius here any more than in other things." But, alas! for too much confidence, for in a chapter of Corrections and Additions M. Glotz must needs record Montet's discovery at Byblos of a tomb contemporary with Rameses II, with an epitaph of King Ahiram in Phoenician characters. This carries the Phoenician alphabet two hundred years earlier than either author would apparently have placed it. But it is a small matter in such a distinguished book.

M. Delaporte has also produced a book of high quality, but the subject is much too large for even so large a canvas. M. Delaporte surmounts the difficulties by scamping those portions which have received most attention from his predecessors. His introduction gives a sketch of the processes of excavation and decipherment which is too thin to be intelligible to any reader not previously informed. In the same way he has sketched the political history far too briefly to present any real picture. He has forty-four pages for Babylonian and twenty-seven for Assyrian history, and the reader will therefore still be compelled to turn, for this side of the matter, to King, Rogers, or Olmstead. But the space which he has thus saved is admirably and adequately used to describe institutions, beliefs, crafts, arts, letters, and sciences. Nor is there anywhere else a survey so excellent, a picture so vivid and so soundly based. The maps are poor and the illustrations ill produced. One must go for these to other monographs and be here content with a bibliography that is comprehensive, accurate, and extensive.

ROBERT W. ROGERS

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## India's Struggle

*India in 1924-25. A Statement Prepared for Presentation to Parliament.* By L. F. Rushbrook Williams, Director of Public Information, Government of India. New York: British Library of Information. 3/.

THIS statement treats of local administration, economic developments, social problems, political cruces—in short, everything that touches India materially and some things that concern her spiritually. It would not satisfy, and is not meant to satisfy, the specialist who wants to see statistics, sources; it usually restricts itself to generalities and conclusions. For the non-specialist it should prove adequate in its account of recent economic history and its description of administrative development. But when it comes to political dissension, particularly in the chapter called Parties and Politics, opinions may well differ, even on generalities. In such a controversial field the Government's spokesman is in the nature of things likely to view matters from the Government's point of view.

This portion of the book, in our opinion, is not trustworthy. We may take up a few points as illustrations. First, we cannot agree that the Hindu-Mohammedan outbreaks in 1924 and later are the result of Gandhi's emphatic preaching of the prime need for a spiritual regeneration of India. Such outbreaks have been common for the last thousand years. It is as unfair to blame them on Gandhi as it is to ascribe them to government intrigue. Gandhi preached and practiced religious toleration and, in 1921-22, for the first time in India's history, united the two warring communities. He is even now the most powerful voice calling for quiet upon those troubled waters. The political leaders of the two communities are in essential agreement, for they, like the British, realize that this strife is the one thing that makes easy the foreigner's grip; it is the rank and file that cannot see the value of compromise. Religion to them is more important than politics.

Again, Mr. Rushbrook Williams's disapproval of the Swarajist obstructionist tactics in the legislative bodies is not shared by the majority of Indian Nationalists, as events showed last August when all the elected Indian members of the Legislative Assembly united to defeat the Government. These tactics have placed the Government in the illogical position of enforcing measures that have been formally repudiated by the country's properly elected representatives, of perpetuating a system of government whose unpopularity cannot be denied. They may be injurious to the Indian constitution, but they are at the same time an effective political weapon.

Or again, he speaks of the Sikh situation, referring first to the "dramatic" events at Jaito in February, 1924. (These events culminated in the soldiery shooting down Sikh pilgrims —19 killed, 32 wounded, no casualties among the soldiers. We should have used a different adjective.) He tells us that "as the year proceeded . . . a sense of discouragement set in [among the Sikhs]." This discouragement, we might comment, was of such a sort that about every four weeks after the "dramatic events" at Jaito a new body of pilgrims, 500 strong, set out for the shrine, financed by the Sikh community, each body aware that it would be arrested when it neared Jaito and thrown into indefinite confinement. About eighteen months later the discouraged Sikhs found their question settled by a statute in the Punjab Legislative Council that granted all their religious demands, and they were many—although ignoring political matters—and last August the seventeenth pilgrimage was finally allowed to enter Jaito and perform its ceremonies. If this be the conduct of a small Indian community when suffering "a sense of discouragement," we gasp to think what the result will be if ever the Indians as a whole come to feel encouraged.

But let us not be misunderstood. The British are no disinterested party in India. Yet their exploitation of the country is far less ruthless than is frequently claimed. India has always been more than 90 per cent agricultural, and still is. The British occupation has affected the economic order of the land chiefly by destroying many of the ancient handicrafts, but these were bound to perish anyhow as soon as they came into conflict with any machine industry, British or other. The present issue in India is not a struggle between the Indian people and the British; it is a struggle between the Indian bourgeoisie and the British for the control of the country. Just a little less than 3 per cent of the population have the franchise, and neither the Nationalists nor the Government seems definitely to plan increasing the number. The struggle is important, but it is nothing like so fundamental as was that between the Russian proletariat and the Czar's government.

W. NORMAN BROWN

## G. Stanley Hall

*G. Stanley Hall. A Biography of Mind.* By Lorine Pruette. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

MISS PRUETTE has performed a difficult task very skilfully. Dr. Hall not only provoked a weird variety of reactions from his contemporaries, professional and lay; he was a complex man and a productive scholar. This psychograph seeks to present a rounded and accurate picture of the man. He was not able fully to reveal himself even in his "Life and Confessions of a Psychologist." He inevitably swung, in that book, from himself to his ideas, and a more accurate title for it would have been, perhaps, "A History of the Ideas of G. Stanley Hall." To be sure the early chapters dealing with his boyhood are vivid and memorable, but I do not recall that he gave his intimate reactions to his disastrous marriages, to his troubles with Jonas Clark, the financial founder of Clark University, or to the decline of the university under W. W. Atwood. Miss Pruette manages to tell or suggest the whole story. Her book is an admirable piece of work.

Dr. Hall was a New Englander by ancestry, birth, and training. He was born in the forties of the last century of a deeply religious mother and a stern, exacting father. His higher education was obtained at Williams College, then under the control of Mark Hopkins. He studied for the ministry. After two periods of study in Europe, the first devoted chiefly to philosophy and the second to psychology, he founded the first psychological laboratory in the United States at Johns Hopkins. From there he was called to Worcester, where he undertook the role of intellectual founder of Clark. In spite of his disastrous relations with Jonas Clark and his domestic troubles he succeeded in making Clark internationally known in the field of psychology. His own labors were stupendous, and his able faculty were equally laborious. Almost to a man they were pioneers. Rarely has any intellectual worker so completely transcended his personal and administrative troubles as did Dr. Hall.

Behind these bare facts there was, naturally enough, an amazing man. Dr. Hall was caught up by the evolutionary optimism of his time. His great contribution to psychology was the genetic principle, which, however much it may be assailed, can never be ignored. But he was not a laboratory worker, for the whole bias of his mind was toward the problems of life. His psychology tended therefore to lead him into a wide variety of fields otherwise separated by the rampant specialization of the time. Perhaps his most highly regarded work is "Adolescence." His book on Jesus Christ summed up his explorations in the field of religion. He dealt with the problems of sex at a time when the taboos against a discussion of it were extremely active. It is significant that he was the first American academician to recognize Freud. Not only did he ardently seek to discover values but he earnestly strove to put his dis-

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coveries at the disposal of others. He wanted to improve the world. Both from his New England heritage of deep seriousness and from his ministerial training he got a hortatory turn of mind that frequently alienated his most ardent admirers. In spite of the fact that he was notably a pioneer in the field of sex, his views on the subject are now outmoded. It was characteristic of him that he placed the emphasis on the desirability of sublimation either into scholarship or into art.

What will undoubtedly sustain his fame for many years to come is his very great service as an adventurous iconoclastic pioneer. This quality connects him with what is finest in the New England tradition, with Emerson and Thoreau. Both his greatnesses and his defects are rooted in his New England background. Nevertheless what he gave to the world was peculiarly his own.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

## Family History

*Factors in American History.* By A. F. Pollard. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

PROFESSOR POLLARD'S book is entitled to be judged by its purpose as well as by its contribution to a knowledge of American history, but the two standards are not the same, and their application leads to somewhat different conclusions. Delivered in the first instance as lectures on the Sir George Watson Foundation for American History, Literature, and Institutions, the book aims primarily to inform and interest English readers in American history. The task is a considerable one, for the study of American history has practically no place in the curricula of English schools, and what has been attempted in recent years in the universities does not reach far. Whether the point of view which Professor Pollard expounds, however, or the method which he adopts will greatly stimulate the interest which he would like to see aroused is a matter regarding which English and American readers are possibly not of the same opinion.

"American history," Professor Pollard declares, "is as much a continuation of medieval English history as is the modern history of the mother country; since 1776 they have developed on independent but parallel lines. We can no more understand them in isolation than we can write a family history by following the fortunes of one of the sons alone." Professor Pollard is too sound a scholar to warrant a critic in saying lightly that he has used the term medieval in a loose sense, but the connection which he emphasizes nevertheless seems forced. Medieval England, at least in the usual scholarly acceptation of the term, had been left far behind before the permanent English settlement of America began, and it was a distinctly modern England whose institutions were, to some extent, transplanted to the New World. Almost equally forced seems the attempt to emphasize the "parallel lines" of development since 1776. Certain common traditions the two countries have carried on, of course, and time has brought a good many points of contact, some of them friendly, some of them acid, but the common principles upon which Professor Pollard dwells have too many exceptions and too many independent and rather unrelated lines of development to make the argument wholly convincing.

If the theory is open to question, so also is the method of expounding it. As is likely to be the case where interpretation is the primary aim, the book will be most useful to readers who already know pretty well the historical story in detail, but the data relied upon to illustrate the thesis are mainly political, and politics is very far from being the whole of American life. The result is a series of generalizations, many of them acute and some of them more than ordinarily suggestive, but not seldom of a kind from which American scholars would incline to draw back. One cannot but admire the friendly temper in which the book is conceived and the more than agreeable style in which it is written, but it leaves in the end more an impression of special pleading in behalf of Anglo-American comity than of a profound discussion of the factors that have made American history what it is.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

# Drama

## Four Notes

THE GRAND STREET FOLLIES (*Neighborhood Playhouse*).

Not quite so good as last year but still funny. Mrs. Feitelbaum gives an account of "The Dybbuk," and some unnamed genius stages "Uncle Tom's Cabin" after the manner of the Russian "Carmen," with a chorus of black mammies on the platform.

THE MERRY WORLD REVIEW (*Imperial Theater*).

The Messrs. Shubert in conjunction with Albert de Courtville combine the English and American type of review in an effort to retain the best features of both. They are measurably successful and in the Ceinture de Chastité scene they introduce a topic, fertile in *double-entendres*, which has hitherto been neglected in America.

THE MAN FROM TORONTO (*Selwyn Theater*).

A farce comedy which is rather amusing in spite of the fact that it turns upon one of those wills which provide that some one will lose a lot of money if he does not marry some one else.

NO FOOLIN' (*Globe Theater*).

Not only glorifies the American girl but introduces Mr. Ziegfeld as a champion of purity who calls attention to the fact that there is not one of his performers who does not wear something. His modesty exceeds that of the Shuberts by at least three inches of gauze, but the exact significance of this in spiritual terms has not yet been determined. There is a gorgeous finale to the First Part, called "In the Luminous Ball."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH


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# International Relations Section

## Hauptmann Declines an Honor

GERHART HAUPTMANN, Germany's foremost poet, declined membership in the proposed German Academy of Poetry in the following letter, printed in the *Berliner Tageblatt* for May 27:

*Agnetendorf, May 20, 1926*

MY DEAR MR. MINISTER:

Returning after an extended journey I find a letter from the Ministry of Science, Art, and Education, in which I am invited to become a member of the newly founded section for poetry in the Prussian Academy of Arts. Fully and gratefully appreciating the great distinction and honor intended, it is doubly hard for me to do what nevertheless must be done, namely, to ask that I be permitted to decline membership in this section.

However much I may regard an academy of science, an academy of plastic arts and music as a necessity for the state (since these are fields which require cooperative work and include many state-supported schools), nevertheless I cannot convince myself that the state has any need of an academy of poetry. The more I think of it, the less I am convinced. There is no need for a board of poets to establish and distribute state help. Only a few cultured and well-disposed men of tact and taste are necessary.

The proposed section gives me little hope of aiding the broader and higher tasks of poetry and of giving it responsible guidance. There is no such thing as conscious leadership in the domain of poetry. Official leaders of poetry are a novelty which would properly excite opposition among free poets. As far as I am concerned I cannot claim for myself either an unconscious or a conscious position of leadership. If I, like other artists and writers, have made an impression on men as men, it is enough.

Thus you find me, Mr. Minister, on the side of those who even before my day have opposed the creation of an academy of poetry. I am certain that you will not expect me to do otherwise than frankly to admit this. Far be it from me, however, to criticize in any way the opposing opinion or the noble resolution of the Ministry. For myself and only for myself my conviction must be law.

With the sincerest feelings of respect,

GERHART HAUPTMANN

## Private Bersot's Trousers

UNDER this caption the Paris correspondent of the Vienna *Arbeiter-Zeitung* tells how a French veterans' organization is fighting to redeem the honor of their fellows sacrificed in the grotesque tragedies of the war-time courts martial.

The French Union of Combatants and Cripples has adopted a sensational resolution. It intends to review, as described below, all criminal verdicts handed down by French courts martial during the World War which are objected to as unjust, either by the victims themselves or, in case of capital sentences, by their surviving kinsfolk. Out of its own membership (exceeding 100,000), the union will draw juries to hold open sessions, examine witnesses, invite expert opinions, and pass upon evidence. These popular courts, to be sure, will have no power to summon witnesses, but it is expected that the pressure of public opinion will serve, even in the case of general officers required to testify, in lieu of legal constraint. The entire action was suggested to the union partly by the legal efforts of the League for the Rights of Man to bring about a revision of the most scandalous injustices of the French courts martial during the World War, and partly by the immense popular acclaim of a book by R. G. Réau, recently published, entitled "Les Crimes des Conseils de Guerre" (Paris, 1926, Progrès Civique).

I understand that the first of these jury trials will shortly take place. It will deal with the affair of Private Bersot—a case so revolting and, at the same time, so characteristic of the routine of court-martial procedure as to deserve international notoriety.

In February, 1915, the Sixtieth (infantry) Regiment had its quarters in Fontenoy, near the firing-line. Bersot, a shop-assistant from Besançon, had been wearing for some time a pair of dirty "white" canvass trousers, riddled with holes. He importuned his sergeant for several weeks with requests for a new pair. To this repeated requisition the sergeant turned a deaf ear. Finally, on February 12, he handed the importunate private a pair of filthy, blood-bespattered trousers just stripped from the body of one of the killed. Bersot refused them and insisted upon a new pair. During the ensuing dispute his company chief, Lieutenant André, appeared. The sergeant reported the private, and the lieutenant called the attention of the recalcitrant to the fact *that his refusal was equivalent to mutiny in the presence of the enemy.* It should be noted that the company was not on the firing-line, and that there were no active hostilities at that time within the sector. André put Bersot under arrest and reported the incident to the commander of the regiment, Colonel Auroux, a martinet whose cruelty had made him an object of bitter hatred among the soldiery. Intense excitement seized the company when André's action became known. Five soldiers called on him at once, requesting him to alter the charge against Bersot. André brusquely refused to listen to them and put the two spokesmen of the deputation under arrest.

A few weeks earlier the regiment had been led to a badly prepared attack against the German positions. It lost 1,500 men in what the soldiers considered a wanton slaughter, and indignation against their colonel was outspoken and universal among the men. Enraged by the murmurs and evident hostility Colonel Auroux had been seeking a pretext for repressive measures. The Bersot affair gave him his chance. He immediately ordered Bersot and the two spokesmen of the soldiers' deputation to be court-martialed. On the same day, before the court convened, he ordered a firing-platoon to hold itself in readiness for execution.

It happened that there served in the regiment, as sergeant, a man well-known as a judge in private life. The colonel called the jurist before him. "Sergeant," he said, "my men are mutinous—there is need of a terrifying example. I mean to place these three privates against a wall and have them shot." After listening to the colonel's summary statement of the facts, the judge said the offense of the three men under arrest was trivial, and emphatically declared that there was no warrant for court-martial procedure. His chief insisted: "Bersot is guilty of disobedience in the presence of the enemy, the two others of a mutinous demonstration. I want the three shot, and you must find me law enough to warrant their execution." After a desperate verbal wrangle, the judge succeeded in dissuading him from the execution of the two remonstrants. "Very well," concluded Auroux, "I will let the remonstrants off with some minor punishment, but the capital charge against Bersot stands. Of course," he added "I'll preside at the court martial myself." The lawyer tried, earnestly but in vain, to make plain to his regimental chief the legal and moral impossibility of convoking and at the same time presiding over a court martial. Colonel Auroux paid no heed to legal advice. A few minutes after his interview with the sergeant he convoked the court, appointing all its members and permitting no evidence to be heard save that of the two complainants, viz., Bersot's sergeant and Lieutenant André. A few minutes more and judgment was rendered: death

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for Bersot, and six years of forced labor for the two remonstrants. Colonel Auroux commanded personally at the execution. The victim collapsing under a shower of bullets, died with the names of his wife and little daughter on his lips. Immediately after execution Colonel Auroux issued an order strictly forbidding oral or written mention of the affair or of Bersot's name—the correspondence of his subordinates was censored for weeks and all letters alluding to the Bersot affair destroyed. Auroux ordered Bersot's corpse interred outside of the soldiers' cemetery and forbade his men to visit the place, but he could not keep them from secretly erecting a stone and decorating the grave with flowers. After a lengthy interval, the curate of the regiment informed Mme Bersot of her husband's execution. "Our colonel," so the priest explained, "believed that he didn't have his troops firmly enough in hand. A return to iron discipline was deemed necessary, and the shooting of Bersot probably saved the lives of many others." The widow, refusing to acquiesce in this logic, set heaven and earth in motion to achieve two ends: rehabilitation of her dead husband and punishment of his murderer, Colonel Auroux. After a struggle lasting eight years, Mme Bersot scored a partial victory. The Supreme Court annulled the verdict of the court martial, freeing her dead husband from reproach. Two years later, in 1924, the mortal remains of Bersot were disinterred, transferred to Besançon, and there accorded a solemn public funeral. His widow did not succeed at the time in invoking justice against Auroux, a personal protege of Maginot, the French Minister of War in 1924. An interpellation in the Chamber of Deputies laid the scandal bare. Maginot, unterrified by public clamor, screened his friend behind formalities and, to affront the complaining members of the Chamber, made him Commander of the Legion of Honor! [Auroux had in the meantime attained to the rank of general.] The fall of the cabinet of which Maginot was a member destroyed the political defenses shielding his protege and left the field clear for further action against him. The Union of Combatants now proposes to begin its revision of thousands of court-martial cases with an indictment of General Auroux.

## Pilsudski's Warning

AT a conference of the representatives of the various Polish parties, preceding the general election at which Professor Moscicki was chosen President of the republic, Marshal Pilsudski delivered the following critical remarks on Polish political conditions. They were printed in the *Berliner Tageblatt* for May 31, 1926.

The chief causes of the present distress and of the internal and external weakness of Poland are the robberies which have been committed without punishment. In Poland the interest of individuals and of parties has dominated all. There has been immunity for all sorts of malpractices and crimes. The reborn state did not experience a rebirth of its soul. When I returned from Magdeburg, believing in the regeneration of the nation, I did not wish to rule whip in hand. I gave the power into the hands of the legislative Sejm which I convoked. But the nation was not regenerated. Scoundrels and worthless wretches became dominant. Dishonesty and greed ruled. The number of disreputable elements in Poland increased enormously. Democratic institutions were abused. Democracy as such was placed in a bad light, which I, as a convinced democrat, regret particularly. Party interests were victorious over state interests. My life as chief of state was embittered by slander. The only reason I did not fall was that I was stronger than all of you. The second representative of the state was murdered. Those morally responsible for this murder escaped unpunished. Conditions have meanwhile come to such a pass that if I so wished I would not need to admit deputies and senators to the hall of the National Assembly. But I shall make another trial to see whether it is possible to rule in Poland without a whip. I shall exercise no pressure, but I warn the Sejm and the Senate, which are well hated by the people. I have given a guaranty that the election of a President shall be free and uncoerced. I shall keep my word. But I warn you not to put up candidates on the basis of party membership. The candidate for the presidency must stand above parties. He must be able to represent the entire nation. I want you to know that in case the mob comes to power in Poland I shall not defend the Sejm and the Senate. No man can rule in Poland under the terror of scoundrels. I have declared war on the scoundrels, murderers, and robbers. I shall not succumb in this war. You may do as you please with my candidacy. It is of no importance to me whether I receive two, two hundred, or two thousand votes. Choose whom you will, but choose an impartial candidate who is worthy of this high office. If you act otherwise, the future looks dark for you. The army created for the citizenry a state capable of life. What have you made of this state? The Sejm must disband for a time in order that something new may be created. Think about my speech; consider it carefully. I assure you that I will not change.

## Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK VAN LOON has drawn his weekly cartoon for *The Nation* throughout a serious attack of scarlet fever from which he is now recovering.

STUART CHASE, author of "The Tragedy of Waste," is at present attached to the editorial staff of *The Nation*.

SILAS BENT has recently returned from Europe, where he studied the armament policies of the Great Powers.

PHILIP SNOWDEN was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Labor Government of Ramsay MacDonald.

TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN is a New York architect and author of "The Enjoyment of Architecture."

ROBERT W. ROGERS, professor of Hebrew at Drew Theological Seminary and of Oriental literature at Princeton, is author of many volumes on ancient Oriental texts.

W. NORMAN BROWN, now professor of Sanskrit at the University of Pennsylvania, previously taught in Kashmir.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN, a graduate of Clark University, is a contributor to current periodicals.

WILLIAM MACDONALD, formerly associate editor of *The Nation*, is author of "Three Centuries of American Democracy" and other historical studies.

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